

Plate I.

Frontispiece



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Frontispiece



THE

1507/679.

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

In Six Volumes, complete.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS;

TOGETHER WITH

ALL HIS NOTES.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.

W O R K S



JOHN RUSSELL

AND

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JOHN RUSSELL

ALFRED RUSSELL

LONDON:

Printed by the Rev. Mr. RUSSELL.

THE
WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

JUVENILE POEMS, TRANSLATIONS,
and IMITATIONS.

LONDON:

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WORKS



ALFRED POPE, Esq.

VOL. I.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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LONDON

Printed by W. Smith, Strand

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P R E

P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe, that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: And can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed; poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet, sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic: For a writer's endea-

* In the former editions it was thus—"For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation."

your, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: And if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write. And this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their bookfellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being

being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: For, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: If he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and, if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: And it is to be feared, that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate or suspect him: A hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word; whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: The agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a

martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: Since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biased by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess, it was want of consideration that made me an author: I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant. I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But, I have reason to think, they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: For they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: They writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation
for

P R E F A C E

for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us, is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients: And it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers. And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars; and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess, that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors, dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, That I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting

his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their author never made his talents subservient to the unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense; a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition, in the opinion of any one, under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known, that I die in charity, and in my senses, without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every

every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion: That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print; believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended: That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depretiated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude; if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries, the poets, to teach them, that when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10. 1716.

VARIATIONS in the AUTHOR'S manuscript Preface.

After page iii. line 34. it followed thus. — For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency. But when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself; or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet)*. 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The muses are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world, as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and, as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even

even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: Besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At *page v. line 18.* In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

RECOM-

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

*On Mr. POPE and his Poems. By his Grace JOHN
SHEFFIELD, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness
tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme; 10
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!

But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend. 20
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

To Mr. POPE, on his PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
 Art strength'ning Nature, sense improv'd by sound;
 Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
 Our minds, unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull;
 And are, at best, most musically dull;
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers unto sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
 But wit and judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as youth; as age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by Nature to the ancients shown,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
 For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,
 Although disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan muse
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the players dress
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.

Your

Your rural muse appears to justify
 The long-lost graces of simplicity:
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin-charms and native excellence.
 Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by mens envy to the world reveal'd;
 For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
 Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
 Whose muse did once, like thine, in plains delight:
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight.
 So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his WINDSOR FOREST.

HAIL, sacred bard! a muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand, }
 And China's earth was cast on common sand: }
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
 bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd; and now we boast
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
 From thy luxuriant FOREST we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,

While

While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
 Thy juster lays the lucid waves surpass,
 The living scene is in the muse's glass. 25
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
 When Philomela sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us harmony as well as shades:
 A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
 A new creation starts in every line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light; 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.
 Happy the man who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
 spire!

Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
 Here on the western beach attempt to chime. }
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye gods! from these Atlantic shores,
 And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs;
 Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
 Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
 Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store, 60
 And made that music which was noise before.

There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise;
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding
 strain,

I rise, and wander through the field or plain;
 Led by thy muse, from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.

Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy, 76
 On the cold earth, the flutt'ring pheasant lie;
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by; 80
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.

Oh! could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chase,
 Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
 The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old Thames! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Briton's more
 Than all their shouts for victory before. 96

Oh! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name:
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In different colours roll a different tide, 100

Murmur

Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur, and enrich the isle;
 A while distinct through many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
 And make one glorious, and immortal Thames,

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids,
 Of old assembled in the Thespian shades;
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Besit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
 Reply'd the god; "Your loftiest notes employ,
 "To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse;
 Then ask, who wrought that miracle of verse?
 He answer'd with a frown, "I now reveal
 "A truth that Envy bids me not conceal: 10
 "Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
 "I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
 "Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
 "Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
 "And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 "From me the god of wit, usurp'd the bays. 16
 "But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
 "Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 "Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 "And the white isle with female pow'r is blest; 20
 "Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 "And the translator's palm to me transfer.
 "With less regret my claim I now decline,
 "The world will think his English Iliad mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr. POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
 What life, what vigour must the lines require? 5
 What music tune them, what affection fire?
 O might thy genius in my bosom shine;
 Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10
 Horace himself would own thou dost excel
 In candid arts to play the critic well.
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream:
 On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd, 15
 She runs for ever through poetic ground.
 How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
 Made by the muse the envy of the fair!
 Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
 But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in fight; a satire-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laugh's behind the scene.
 In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st, the prize?

Rapt

Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.

Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia, hail ! 40

Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread;
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:

Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze !

Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring; 45
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat ;

He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50

Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;

In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 56

So wealthy mines, that, ages long before,
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,

When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, *The mines were here :* 60

Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)

Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs ! 65
How ev'ry music varies in thy lines !

Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.

Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70

Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :

The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires ; 76

Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning——very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
 'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise:
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,
 What Heaven created, and what Heav'n inspires.
 If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
 With human transport touch the mighty dead, 16
 Shakespeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines:
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
 Prun'd

Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported, we survey the dubious strife;
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
This you beheld; and, taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tours o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns; 36
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus like the radiant god who shades the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard! awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours-all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long that hero *, by unskilful hands, 55
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trode our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:

* Odysses, lib. xvi.

O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold; 64
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
 With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the muses train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
 Like theirs, our friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united—for thy friendship's fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sung, suspended hold the skies:
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws: 80
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay;
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE.

On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his car.
 Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
 First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
 Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
 Thus

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a god. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds
 rejoice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
 When prostitutes, or needy flatt'ers sue.
 And see the chief ! before him laurels born ; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page ?
 Three lovely virgins, and of equal age ;
 Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his likeness in the stream :
 The GRACES these ; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
 What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse ?
 Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
 (From the proud epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid),
 Go to the good and just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane :
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 " Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From ROME, MDCCXXX.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The dark'ned ages last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost; 10
 From tyrants, and from priests, the muses fly,
 Daughters of reason and of liberty.
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincia rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer-rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
 Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.
 Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
 Chiefs,

Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kifs, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his master bear: 50

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the throne of wit,
 Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting column to thy country's praise;
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway, 71
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

Xiv RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's praise.

GEORGE LYTTLETON.



JUVENILE

JUVENILE
P O E M S.

PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!* VIRG.

A Discourse on PASTORAL POETRY *.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called *pastorals*; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ;

* Written at sixteen years of age.

VOL. I.

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and a few remarks, which I think have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral *. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons; from whom it received the name of *pastoral*.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both †; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic; the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing; the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity ‡, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to

* Fontenelle's disc. on Pastorals.

† Heinsius in Theocr.

‡ Rapin de carm. past. p. 2.



take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the *golden age*. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: And it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositions natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion, to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ‡. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them, a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our

* Rapin reflex. sur l'art. poet. d'Arist. p. 2. refl. 27.

† Pref. to Virg. past. in Dryd. Virg.

‡ Fontenelle's disc. of pastorals.

view, which should likewise have its variety *. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of pastoral), that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen † as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions; of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: And in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have

* See the forementioned preface.

† *Θεσπαις*, idyl. 10. and *Αλιεις*, idyl. 21.

a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to *. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity, and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil †; not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetra-stich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was

* Rapin refl. on Arist. part. 2. refl. 27—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

† Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: Whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself: He compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: Whence it comes to pass, that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident; because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING;

S P R I N G;

THE FIRST PASTORAL:

O R,

D A M O N.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
 Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
 Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost! 10

O let

REMARKS.

These pastorals were written at the age of fifteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walth, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbull, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement; and particularly Mr. Walth, whom Mr. Dryden, in his postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of the age. "The author," says he, "seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
 Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

Ecl. 6.

This is the general exordium and opening of the pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three pastorals, he imitates expressly those

O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
 'Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
 So when the nightingale to rest removes,
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' æreal audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd

REMARKS.

"learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705.* The Lord Lansdown, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our poet, says, (in a printed letter of the character of Mr. Wycherly), that if he goes on as he hath begun in the pastoral way, "as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The ransom for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh, about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

Sir William Trumbull.] Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years. He was under sixteen; but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

Ver. 12. *In your native shades.*] Sir W. Trumbull was born in Windsor Forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III.

Ver. 17. &c.] The scene of this pastoral, a valley; the time, the morning. It stood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd;

IMITATIONS.

which now stand first of the three chief poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)—
 Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,—
 Thyrsis, the music of that murm'ring spring,—
 are manifestly imitations of

— A shepherd's boy (no better do him call)

— *Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

— *Ἀδύ τι τὸ λιθύρισμα καὶ ἡ πίτυς αἰπόλε, τῇ* να.

Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Daph. Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music, wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute, and early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

Streph. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the
 strain,
 While yon flow'ry oxen turn the furrow'd plain, 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines: 36
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

REMARKS.

Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 34. The first reading was,
 And his own image from the bank surveys.
 Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. 36.

*Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
 Diffusos edera vestit pellente corymbos.*

Virg. Ecl. 3.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these pastorals, engraven on the bowl, is not without its propriety. The shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

————— *Et quis fuit alter,
 Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?*

Ecl. 3.

Dam.

Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground:
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound. 44

Streph. Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

REMARKS.

Ver. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems; most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer, and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,
Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camœna:

*Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.*

Ecl. 3.

Ver. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg.—*Pascite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.*

Ecl. 3.

Ver. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,
*Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.*

Ecl. 3.

Streph.

Strepb. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bless'd Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

Strepb. All nature mourns, the skies relent in
show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and
fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

Strepb. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast;
Bless'd Thames's shores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid,
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

Daph. Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

Ver. 69. &c. These verses were thus at first.

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply:
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.]

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69. All nature mourns,]

Virg. *Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba, &c.*

Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit.

Ecl. 7.

But

But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn, ripe, yet mild as May;
More bright than noon, and fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil ap-
pears 85

A wondrous tree that sacred Monarchs bears?

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,

And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields? 90

And then a nobler prize I will resign;

For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:

Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;

Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so
well! 96

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,

A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;

The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,

While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.

For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101

And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

REMARKS.

Ver. 86. *A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears?* [An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.]

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country-dainties shall be spread,

And trees with twining branches shade your head.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 90. *The thistle springs, to which the lily yields?* Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. ecl. 3.

*Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur Flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.*

SUM-

S U M M E R;

THE SECOND PASTORAL:

O 2,

A L E X I S.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing fun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in every wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

REMARKS.

Ver. 3. The scene of this pastoral by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time noon.

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition.
 A faithful swain, whom love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Through verdant forests, and through flow'ry meads.
 Ver. 3. originally thus in the MS.
 There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

IMITATIONS.

- Ver. 8. *And Jove consented*
Jupiter et lato descendet plurimus imbri.
 VOL. I. † D Virg. ecl. 7.
 Accept,

Accept, O GARTH! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glais;

But

REMARKS:

Ver. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the *Dispensary*, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

Ver. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's *Epithalamion*.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 17. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing.*]

Non canimus surdis: respondent omnia sylva. Vir. ecl. 10.

Ver. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, &c.*]

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puella

Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

Non neque Parnossi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippes.

Virg. out of Theocritus.

Ver. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus:

— nuper me in littore vidi.

But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I fought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning-dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made, by some transforming pow'r, 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

REMARKS.

Ver. 39. Colin.] The name taken by Spenser in his eclogues,
where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, &c.

IMITATIONS.

*Cum placidum ventus staret mare; non ego Daphnim,
Iudice te metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.* Eccl. 2:
Ver. 40. bequeath'd in death, &c.]
*Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Dæmætas dono mihi quam dedit o'im;
Et dixit moriens: Te nunc habet ista secundum.* Ibid.
D. 2. Ea

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd;
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent, Love, abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes. 76
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 60. *Descending gods have found Elysium here.*]

habitarunt Dî quoque sylvas—Ecl. 2.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis.

Ecl. 10.

Ver. 80. *And winds shall waft, &c.]*

Partem aliquam, venti, divûm referatis ad aures.

Ecl. 3.

But

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountans hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall !

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;
Ye gods ! and is there no relief for love ?
But soon the son with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends : 90
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 88. Ye gods, &c.]

Me tamen urit amor ; quis enim modus adfit amori ?

Ecl. 2.

A U T U M N;

THE THIRD PASTORAL

O R,

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
 And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
 Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
 Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains, 11
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;

REMARKS.

This pastoral consists of two parts, like the 8th of Virgil:
 The scene, a hill; the time, at sun-set.

Ver. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies; of which the most celebrated were, the *Plain dealer*, and *Country wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctness.

When

When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan, 15
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey,
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
For her the limes their pleasing shades deny: 25
For her the lilies hang their heads, and die.

Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade, when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 31
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

IMITATIONS.

- Ver. 37 — *Aurora dura*
Mala ferant quercus; narcissi florent alnus;
Pinguis corticibus sudent electra myrica. Virg. Ecl. 8.
Ver. 34. &c.]
Quale super fessis in gramine; quale per aestum
Dulcis aqua saliente sumim restringere rivo. Ecl. 5.

Go,

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Come, Delia, come ; ah, why this long delay ?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind !
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?
 She comes, my Delia comes ! — Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd,
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd. 56

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain :

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ; 60
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat :
 While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ! 65
 Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day :
 Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain ;
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove : 75
 Just gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow ;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

Ver. 64. And the fleet shades fly gliding o'er the green.

IMITATIONS.

53.—*An, qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?* Virg. ecl. 8.

Resound,

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
 Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep? 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love? 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred;
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn;
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r on me!
 Oh mighty Love! what magic is like thee?

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 82. Or what ill eyes]

Nescio quis teneros aculus mihi fascinat agnos. Virg. ecl. 3.

Ver. 89.

Nunc scio, quid sit Amor; duris in cotibus illum, &c Ecl. 8.

W I N T E R;
THE FOURTH PASTORAL:
D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmur'ing spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces ly, 5
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

REMARKS.

Winter ;] This was the poet's favourite pastoral:

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept. 9. 1706. "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove; the time, at midnight.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5, &c. stood at first thus:

In the warm folds the tender flocks remain,
The cattle slumber on the silent plain,
While silent birds neglect their tuneful lays,
Let us, dear Thyrsis, sing of Daphne's praise.

Thyrsis

Thyrsis, Behold the groves that shine with silver
frost,

Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,

That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?

Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,

And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field. 16

Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,

And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"

Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,

And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

Thyr. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,

Let Nymphs and Sylvens cypress garlands bring;

Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,

And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;

And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25

Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,

See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30

Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,

With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore? 35

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;

Behold the clouds have put their mourning on,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 13. *Thames heard*, &c.]

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros. Virg. ecl. 6.

Ver. 23. 25, 25.

—Inducite frontibus umbras—

Et tumultum facite, et tumulto superaddite carmen. Ecl. 5.

For

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41
 Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew's descend from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning-odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50

Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 37. For her the flocks the dewy herbs disdain,
 Nor hungry heifers graze the tender plain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 69, 70. ——— miratur limen Olympi,
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis. Virg. ecl. 3.
 Eternal

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more !

Lyc. How all things listen, while thy Muse complains !

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live !

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
 Adieu, ye shepherds rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu !

REMARKS.

Ver. 89. &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 83. originally thus in the MS.
 While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
 Thy honour, name, and praise shall never end.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 81. ——— *illius aram*
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg. Ecl. 1.
 Ver. 83. *Dum juga montis apes, fluvios dum piscis amabit,*
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicada;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
 Ver. 86. ——— *solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra;* Virg. Ecl. 5.
Juniperi gravis umbra. ——— Virg. Ecl. 10.

M E S S I A H:

A

S A C R E D E C L O G U E.

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

MESSIAH.

M E S S I A H.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids;
 Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire, 5
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies. 10
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye † heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning ** Justice lift aloft her scale ;

REMARKS.

Ver. 17 *ancient fraud* i. e. the fraud of the serpent.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *A virgin shall conceive, — All crimes shall cease, &c.*]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, red.unt Saturnia regna ;

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.—

Te dūce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn re-
 “ turns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven.
 “ By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain, shall
 “ be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He
 “ shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his fa-
 “ ther.”

Isaiah vii. 14. “ Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a
 “ Son — Chap. ix. 6. 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son
 “ is given ; the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his go-
 “ vernment, and of his peace, there shall be no end ; upon the
 “ throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to es-
 “ tablish it with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.

* Is. xi. 1. † Chap. xlv. 8. ‡ Chap. xxv. 4. ** Chap. ix. 7.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See * lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the † way ! a God, a God appears : 30
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ! 35
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear ‡ him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !

He

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *See nature hastes, &c.*]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 18.

*At tibi prima, puer, nullo manuscula cultu,
 Errantes ederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.*

" For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, pro-
 " duce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with baccar,
 " and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour
 " forth pleasing flowers about thee."

Is. xxxiv. 1. " The wilderness and the solitary place shall be
 " glad ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."
 Chap. lx. 13. " The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
 " the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box, together, to beautify
 " the place of my sanctuary."

Ver. 29. *Hark ! a glad voice, &c.*]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 46.

*Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes ; ipsa jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus, ille Menalca.*

Ecl. 5. ver. 63.

* Is. xxxiv. 2.

† Chap. xl. 3, 4.

‡ Chap. xlii. 18.

He * from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear; 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In † adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good † shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd † father of the future age.
 No more shall †† nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ** Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;

IMITATIONS.

" Oh come and receive the mighty honours; the time draws
 " nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods, O great increase of
 " Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the
 " stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A
 " God! a God!"
 If. xi. 3, 4. " The voice of him that crieth in the wilder-
 " ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the
 " desert a high-way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted,
 " and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the
 " crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."
 Chap. xlv. 23. " Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O
 " forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed
 " Israel."

* If. xxxv. 5, 6.

† Chap. xxi. 8.

‡ Chap. xl. 11.

† Chap. ix. 6.

†† Chap. ii. 4. ** Chap. lxxv. 11. 22.

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, * 65
 And the same hand, that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren * deserts with surprize
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste, sandy † valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The ‡ lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead! [mead,
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless || serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren desert.*] Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescent campus arista;

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva;

Et dura quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the
 "red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard
 "oaks shall distil honey like dew."

If. xxxv. 7. "The parched ground shall become a pool, and
 "the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitations where
 "dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes." Chap. lv.
 13. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and in-
 "stead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."

Ver. 77 *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 21.

Ipsa lacte domum referent distenta cœvella

Ubera; nec magnos metuent armenta leones—

Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

Occidet—

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 "milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The
 "serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."
 If. xi. 16. &c. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the
 "leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the
 "young lion, and the fattling together: And a little child shall
 "lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And
 "the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the
 "weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

* If. xxxv. 1. 7.

† Chap. xli. 19. and lxx. 13.

‡ Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8.

|| Chap. lxx. 25.

The

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem, rise ! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
 See, a long † race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90
 See barb'rous nations ‡ at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of † Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising †† sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The ** seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; 106
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 83. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !* The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo !

—*toto surget gens aurea mundo !*

—*incipient magni procedere menses !*

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia saclo ! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

* *Is. lx. 1.* † *Chap. lx. 4.* † *Chap. lx. 3.*

‡ *Chap. lx. 6.* †† *Chap. lx. 19, 20.* ** *Chap. li. 6. — liv. 10.*

WIND.

WINDSOR FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, Vare, myrica,
Te Næmus omne canet; nec Phæbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari prescripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite thy lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing? 6
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

NOTES.

This poem was written at two different times: The first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the pastorals: The latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 3. &c. originally thus:
Chaste goddesses of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs and glimm'ring glades.
Unlock your springs

Here

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day:
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend:
 There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise;
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground;
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
 Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STEWART reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 20. originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). 40
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 45
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain.
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 50
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 55
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Awd.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran,
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 57. &c. No wonder savages or subjects slain——

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus; but the word *savages* is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

Ver. 71. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]

The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there, by William I.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :]*

Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curs'd,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man, whose spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
 Stretch'd on the land his second hope survey,
 At once the chafer, and at once the prey:
 Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise;
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
 blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91. Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the
 springs.

Ver. 97. When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
 The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
 Both morning-sports and ev'ning-pleasures yields.

IMITATIONS.

Translated from,

Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,
 an old monkish writer, I forget who.

Before

Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting, beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
 Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo),
 With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves; 126
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first editions:

Pleas'd in the gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

Ver. 119. When hoary Winter clothes the year in white,
 The woods and fields to pleasing toils invite.

Ver. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lands, the forest-walks surround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er the courfers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

Ver. 137. But when bright Phœbus from the twins invites
 Our active genius to more free delights,
 With springing day we range the lawns around.

Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone. 175
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
Now, fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 165. Here, as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd,
Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
Here was she seen o'er sunny heaths to rove.

Faint,

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain ;
 " Ah, Cynthia ! ah—though banish'd from thy train,

" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201

" My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."

She said, and melting, as in tears she lay,

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies

The headlong mountains and the downward skies,

The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,

And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215

And floating forests paint the waves with green,

Through the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams,

Then, foaming, pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great Father of the British floods !

With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ; 220

Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,

And future navies on thy shores appear.

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives

A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225

No lakes so gentle, and no spring so clear ;

Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,

While led along the skies his current strays,

As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,

To grace the mansion of our earthly gods ; 230

Nor all his stars above a lustre show,

Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;

NOTES.

Ver. 207. *Still bears the name*] The river Lodon.

Ver. 211. *Oft in her glass, &c.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passions still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves: 236
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past-ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,

To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred-stars familiar roam, 255
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus ATTICUS, and TRUMBULL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235. Happy the man who to the shades retires;

But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!

Bless'd whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;

But far more bless'd, who study joins with ease.

(On

(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow):
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove, 267
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike Poets venerable made. 270
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue:
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
 Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? [strung
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings! 281
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes; 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens;
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

NOTES.

Ver. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and
 was from thence conveyed to Westminster.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove;
 And hear your music echoing through the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By god-like Poets venerable made.

Ver. 275. What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore!
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

Ver. 290. *her silver star*] All the lines that follow were not
 added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately follow-
 ed this, and made the conclusion, were the last eight verses of
 this poem.

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age;
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: 306
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps;
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!
 Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone), 320

NOTES.

Ver. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

Ver. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI.

Ver. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps*:] Edward IV.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 307. originally thus in the MS. —

When brass decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
 And mould'ring into dust drops the proud stone.

Oh

Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled?

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At length great ANNA said—"Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.

Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame: 340

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;

The Lodon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;

Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;

And chalky Wey, that rolls a mighty wave:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurs'd! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion) principled in blood!

Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
Gods! what new wounds. &c.

Ver. 327. thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose, and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was Peace.

Between ver. 330, and 331, originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,

O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,

With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,

Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.

He saw, and gently rose above the stream:

His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:

With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dress'd,

The tributes of the distant East and West.

The

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
 The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind); 350
 The god appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor's domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold;
 From heav'n itself though sev'nfold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace. 371
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
 The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending villas on my side, 375
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.

NOTES.

Ver. 378. *And temples rise*] The fifty new churches.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363. originally thus in the MS.

Let Ænus boast her tow'rs amidst the main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

I see.

I see, I see, where too fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
 Their mighty Nations shall inquire their doom,
 The World's great Oracle in times to come;
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
 woods, 385

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 390

Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid glass unfold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.

The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire?
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;

NOTES.

Ver. 398. *Unbounded Thames, &c.*] A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 385 &c. were originally thus:

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps;
 Tempt icy seas, &c.

'Till

'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
 Peru once more a race of kings behold, 411
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light. 426
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests, and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE for MUSIC on St. CECILIA's Day.

Written in the Year MDCCVIII.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly pleasing strain 5
 Let the warbling lute complain:
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow, 10
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
 'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away, 20
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.

Warriors

Warriors the fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head, 30
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions bear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main,
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound,
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as death, the poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of wo,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghost respire,

See,

See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's pray'r :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains.
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,

All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost! 105
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods, 115
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the found. 125
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

Two CHORUSES to the Tragedy of BRUTUS.*

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal sages taught:
 Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood. 5
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art?
 Who charm the sense or mend the heart; 10
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral truth, and mystic song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with strangers gore, 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new tyrant lifts her purple hand;
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

* Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham house.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress'd? 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

SEMI-

SEMICHORUS.

Of source of ev'ry social tie,
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

O D E ON SOLITUDE †.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please, 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

† This was a very early production of our author, written
 at about twelve years old.

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

O D E *.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

* This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul. See Hadrian's sonnet, let. 4. of Letters to and from Mr. Steele, &c. vol. iv.

AN ESSAY on CRITICISM.

Written in the Year 1739.

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An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence,
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none 10
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?
 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd: }
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *Let such teach others*] Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit. *Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.*
De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest. Plin.

Ver. 20. *Must have the seeds*] Omnes tacito quodam censu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus, recta et prava dijudicant. *Cic. de orat. lib. 3.*

Ver. 25. *So by false learning*] Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina. *Quint.*

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25. and 26. were these lines, since emitted by the author,

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd 36
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle, 40
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet; 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

VARIATIONS.

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuosos, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

Not

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquest gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more: 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides.
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd;

NOTES.

Ver. 88. *Those rules of old, &c.*] Cicero has best explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*—"Nihil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.—Omnia fere quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt; ut in musicis, &c. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum philosophia assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione quadam constringeret. *De orat. l. 1. c. 41, 42.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 80. There are whom Heav'n has bless'd with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

Nature,

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
And taught the world with reason to admire.

Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd, 106
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.

Some drily plain, without Invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made: 115
These leave the sense, their learning to display;
And those explain the meaning quite away. [steer,

You then whose judgment the right course would
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

NOTES.

Ver. 98. *Just precepts.*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt." Quintil.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticise.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions.

VOL. I.

† H

Be

Be Homer's works your study and delight;
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind, 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line. }
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy Nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care,
 Music resembles poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145

NOTES.

Ver. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.* Virg. ecl. 6.

"Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem

"Vellit."

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs: which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in heroic poetry.

VARIATIONS.

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
 Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
 The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd; }
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

Ver. 130.

When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

Ver. 137. And did his work to rules as strict confine.

If,

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end),
 Some lucky Licence answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegafus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend; 160
 But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
 I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display 175
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;

NOTES.

Ver. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] “ Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.” *Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.*

Ver. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Οἷον τι ποιῶσιν οἱ ὀφρῶνιμοι στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων. Hal. destruct. orat.

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 186
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, ~~but~~ trembles as he writes),
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing voice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful *Pride*;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:

NOTES.

Ver. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] "Modeste, et circumspiceo judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnet quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim. Quint."

Pride,

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing; 215
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way; 230
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find 235
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

NOTES.

Ver. 233. *A perfect judge, &c.* "Diligenter legendum est,
"ac poene ad scribendi sollicitudinem: nec per partes modo
"scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro
"resumendus." *Quint.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 215.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
The less'ning vale, and seems to tread the skies.

But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what effects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes: 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less commit; 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270
 Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.

“ What !

"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

"Not so, by Heav'n," (he answers in a rage),

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
"stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain.

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice, 285

Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,

Form short ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *conceit* alone their taste confine,

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature, and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,

As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *language* all their care express, 305

And value books, as women men, for Dress:

Their Praise is still,—the Style is excellent;

The Sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found: 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,

Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

NOTES.

Ver. 297. *True wit, &c.*] "Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur:
"id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt." *Quintil.* 8. c. 3.

The

The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun, 315
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd, 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense: 325
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets dress'd.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340
 Who

NOTES.

Ver. 314. *Some by old words, &c.*] "Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, et frivola in parvis jactantia." Quint. lib. 1. c. 6.

"Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova." Idem.

Ver. 318. *Unlucky, as Fungoso, &c.*] See Ben Johnson's *Every man in his humour*.

Ver. 337. *But most by numbers, &c.*]

"Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina mollia."
 "Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos."

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees;" 351
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a Thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
 join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense. 365

NOTES.

"Effundat jonctura ungues: scilicet tendere versum."
 "Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno. *Per. sat. i.*
 Ver. 345. *Though oft the ear, &c.*] "Fugiemus crebras vo-
 calium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem
 reddunt." *Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9.*
cap. 4.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:]*
 From Dryden. "He creeps along with ten little words in every
 line, and helps out his numbers with *for, to, and unto,* and
 all the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left
 half tired behind it." *Essay on dram. poetry.*

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much; 385
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:

NOTES.

Ver. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, &c.*] See Alexander's feast;
 or, The power of music; an ode by Mr. Dryden.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 366. *Soft is the strain, &c.*

"Tum si læta canunt, &c." *Id. Poet. l. 3. ver. 403.*

Ver. 368. *But when loud surges, &c.*]

"Tum longe sale saxa sonant, &c." *Vid. ib. 388.*

Ver. 370. *When Ajax strives, &c.*]

"Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno," &c.
Vid. ib. 417.

Ver. 372. *Not so when swift Camilla, &c.*]

"At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo," *Vid. ib. 410.*

As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own, depise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize: 395
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one *small sect*, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by *precedent*, 410
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with *Quality*. 415
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus through *imitation* err;
As oft the Learn'd by being *singular*; 425
So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right. 431

A Muse

A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers' fools; so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Our School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread; 440
 Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read:
 Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder *modes* in Wit should take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;

NOTES.

Ver. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus.

Ver. 444. *Thomists*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who was, in those blind ages, the same in theology that Francis Bacon was in natural philosophy: less happy than our countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light which had pierced through the thickest night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenses were suppressed, and Wickliffe not yet risen.

Ver. 445. *Duck-lane*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming clowns that gladdened Shakespeare's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
 Or sing their mistress in acrostic lays?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

And

And authors think their reputation safe, 450
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455

Parties in Wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaux;
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past; 460
For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays, 470
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend, 475
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;

Our sons their fathers failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;

NOTES.

Ver. 463. *Milbourn*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn.

VOL. I.

† I

When

When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live, 491
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit which must our cares employ? 500
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
 Whose fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 506
 'Tis what the vitious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah, let not Learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Though triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill Author is as bad a friend,
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
 Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast!
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 492. The treach'rous colours in few years decay.

Ver. 49. Like some fair flow'r that in the spring does rise.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive, divine. 325

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile *obscenity* should find, 530
Though Wit and Art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
crease: 535

When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play, 540
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgin's smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
D d all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 545
Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dis-
pute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!

NOTES.

Ver. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *national reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever.

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice, 536
 Will needs mistake an author into vice :
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORAL Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know. 561

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow ; but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
 And make each a day a Critic on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
 Without *good-breeding*, truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence :
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
 And stares, tremendous, with threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.

NOTES.

Ver. 586. *And stares tremendous, &c.*] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic. For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 2, 0, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person.

Fear

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
 Such, without Wit, are poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators;
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
 more,

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain;
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep, 600
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too. 611
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learn'd lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears. 615
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the Poets friend, 620
 Nay shew'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?

NOTES.

Ver. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving Author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard:

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes; }
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide. 630
But where's the man, who council can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe: 636
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 624. Between this and ver. 625.

In vain you shrug, and sweat, and strive to fly;
These know no Manners but of Poetry.
They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace;
To treat of Unities of time and place.

Between ver. 646. and 647. were the following lines, since
suppressed by the author.

That bold Columbus of the realms of Wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
Like his great pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, &c.

He

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
Our Critics take a contrary extreme;

They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and Art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious works we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd: 670

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.

An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 665. See *Dionysius*.] Of *Halicarnassus*.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 675. The Muses sure Longinus did inspire.

Learning

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And Arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome. 686
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good; 690
 A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
 Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head. 700
 Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A Raphaël painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow 705
 The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd; 710

NOTES.

Ver. 705. *Immortal Vida*!] M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourished in the time of Leo X.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing understood.
 Between ver. 690. and 691. the author omitted these two:
 Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but Saints had licence to be proud.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to
Mantua vae misera nimium vicina Cremona.

Virg.
 Thence

Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
 And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
 Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood; 726
 To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 723. *Such was the Muse—*] *Essay on poetry*, by the Duke of Buckingham. Our poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *essay*, and its noble author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth, in the first edition of his *Dispensary*, says,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus fees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England party, yet an enemy to the extra-which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that Poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

—The Muse's friend,
 Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

Abf. and Achit.

Our author was more happy; he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.

Such

Such late was Walfh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a greatful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost), no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

T H E
R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

A N
H E R O I - C O M I C A L P O E M.

Written in the Year 1712.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh, not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design; for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly

cularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the Fair-Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits; which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes* or *Demons* of earth delight in mischief: But the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable: for, they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end; except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence. The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you, that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE

PLATE III

PLATE III

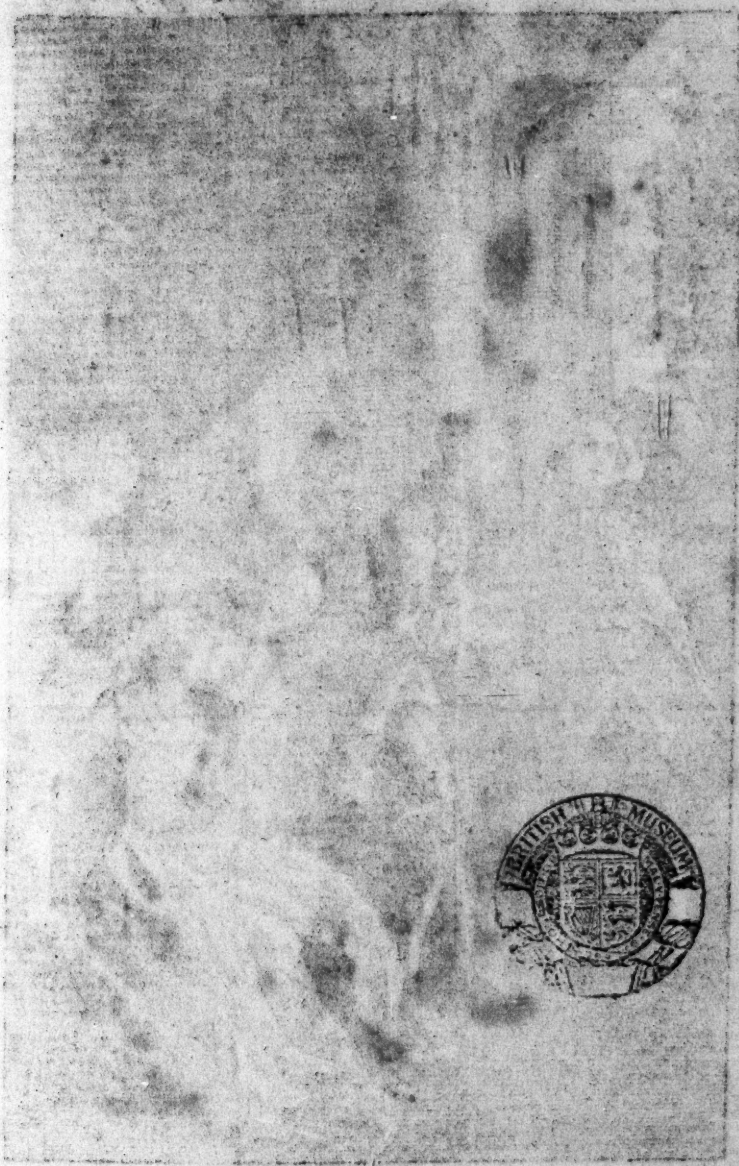


PLATE III



Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine!
The Victor cry'd, the glorious Prize is mine!
Rape of the Lock

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

* *Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.* MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If she inspire, and he approve, my lays.

Say, what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10

NOTES.

* It appears by this motto, that the following poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, with a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two cantos only; and it was so printed; first, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five cantos.

In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow).
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant-thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught; 30
Of airy elves by moon-light shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or Virgins visited by angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:

NOTES.

Ver. 19. *Belinda still, &c.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this canto were added afterwards.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. 12. It was in the first editions,

And dwell; such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13. &c. stood thus in the first edition,

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
And op'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

What

What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sp'rits of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight-masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54, 55. — "Quæ gratia curâdm

"Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

"Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repositos." Vir. *Æn.* 6

When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75

When music softens, and when dancing fires ;

'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,

Tho' Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,

For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80

These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,

When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:

Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,

While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,

And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85

And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,

Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,

Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,

And little hearts to flutter at a bean. 90

Oft when the world imagine women stray,

The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way ;

Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,

And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall 95

To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what Virgin could withstand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,

They shift the moving toyshop of their heart; 100

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals Levity may call,

Oh blind to truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.

NOTES.

Ver. 78. *Tho' Honour is the word with men below.*] Parody of Homer.

Ver. 79. *too conscious of their face,*] i. e. too sensible of their beauty.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 101. " Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
" Ense minax ensis, pede pes, etcuspide cuspis." &c.

Stat.
Of

Canto I. RAPE OF THE LOCK.

113

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
A watchful sp'rit, and *Ariel* is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star,

I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning-sun descend; 110

But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !

This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
Beware of all, but most beware of Man !

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long, 115

Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,

Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,

But all thy vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First,

NOTES.

Ver. 118. *In the clear mirror*] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c.

Ver. 121. *And now, unveil'd, &c.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilet, by our author's friend Dr. Parnelle, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

- " Et nunc dilectam speculum, pro more reiectum,
- " Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa :
- " Tum primum lymphæ, se purgat candida nympha ;
- " Jamquæ sine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,
- " Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
- " Hæc stupet implorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
- " Inferior claram Pythonissâ apparet ad aram,
- " Fertque tibi caute, dicatque superbia ! laute,
- " Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
- " Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
- " Pyxide devota, se pandit hic India tota,
- " Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista ;
- " Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit ;
- " Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente ;
- " Hunc maculis nosis, nivei jacet ille coloris.
- " Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde ;
- " Spinula resplendens, æris longo ordine pendens,
- " Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore,

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores;
 With head uncover'd the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'ring of the world appear, 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
 The Fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care; 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;

NOTES.

- " Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
- " Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescent;
- " Jam reparat visus, jam furgit gratia visus,
- " Jam promit cultu, miracula latentia vultu;
- " Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
- " Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
- " Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique saluti,
- " Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam;
- " Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
- " Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
- " Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

Ver. 145. *The busy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who, continuing impenitent, still presides over the womens toilets. *Bereſbi Rabbi, in Gen. vi. 2.*

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories in th' etherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths, around her
shone,

But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey;

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *With hairy springes.*] In allusion to Anacreon's manner.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom, &c.*] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air;
all after, to the end of of this canto, being additional.

Fair

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way;
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air. 46

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting-music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air; 55
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath,

NOTES.

Ver. 28. *With a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of *Hu-*
dibras, applied to the same purpose,
And though it be a two foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] *Virg. Æn. xi.*

Same

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half-dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws alternate to th' aërial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human face preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;

Nay,

Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow;
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair: 111
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 119.—*χλπεῖ δόμινος septemplex Ajax. Ovid.*

Ver. 121. *About the silver bound.*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd,
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

Or

Canto III. RAPE OF THE LOCK.

119

Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that frothes below! 135

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some third the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling, for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs;
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesman oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this canto.

Ver. 11, 12. originally in the first edition,
In various talk the cheerful hours they pass'd,
Of who was bit, or who capotted last.

Snuff,

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breasts with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine. 30

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care: 45
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors. 50
Spadillio

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *Now move to war, &c.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 24. *And the long labours of the toilet cease.*] All that fol-

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board, 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd; but, his fate more hard,
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Clubs black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 'Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs only, grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroider'd King, who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
 With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,

lows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till
 ver. 105 which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
She fees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen 95
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply. 100

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide: 110
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band
Some, as she sipp'd, the summing liquor fann'd,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 105. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence, the first edition continues to ver. 134.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 101.

*Nescis mens hominum fati sortisque futura;
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit.*

Virg.

Some

Canto III. RAPE OF THE LOCK. 123

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sp'rits repair, 135
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought; 140
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *And think of Scylla's fate!* Vid. Ovid's metam. viii.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus:

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; then joins it to divide:

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again),
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head for ever and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies. 156
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and fix the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While Nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *But airy substance.*] See Milton, lib. 6. of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael.

Ver. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of court and party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.

VARIATIONS.

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever,
 From the fair head for ever and for ever. Ver. 154.
 All that is between was added afterwards.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 163. 170.

*Dum juga montis aper, fluviis dum piscis amabit,
 Semper bonos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

Virg.
 Steel

Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should
 feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful Kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful Virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their blifs, 5
 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sp'rit,
 As ever fully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flies the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. *For, that sad moment, &c.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the House of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these:

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.
 and continued at the 94th verse of this canto.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 177.

Ille quoque everfus mons est, &c.

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?

Catull. de com. Berenices.

Ver. 1. *At regina gravi, &c.* Virg. *Æn.* 4.

No cheerful breeze this fullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face. 26
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and
 noons;

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo, 35
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
 Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a goose-pye talks;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 51. *Homer's tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad 18. of Vulcan's walking tripods.

Ver. 52. *and there a goose-pye talks;*] Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition.

Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works;
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r——Hail wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds;
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r. 80
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90

Full

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. 94
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, *Wretched maid!* reply'd),
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper-durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And Wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120
 She said; then, raging, to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane),
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case;

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

And

And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
" devil?

" Z—ds! damn the Lock! for, Gad, you must be
" civil!

" Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!

" "Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131

Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,

(Which never more shall join its parted hair;

Which never more its honour shall renew, 135

Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew);

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,

This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears:

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145

Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,

Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,

If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid;

By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.

Oh had I rather, unadmir'd, remain'd

In some lone isle, or distant northern land;

NOTES.

Ver. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.*] These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the passions of the two ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the canto.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer. II. 1.

Where

Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
 'Twas thus the morning-omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in fight, or any hairs-but these!

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach affails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, &c.*] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Say,

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford, 11
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd
 beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains!
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or, who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a faint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 9. *Say, why are Beauties, &c.*]

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain;
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound;
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd;
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and Death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

But

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ? 30
 And, trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
 fail,

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude;
 To arms, to arms ! the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, filks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

— So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
 way, 51

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. 20.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *So spoke the dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech.

So spoke—and all the heroes applauded.

Ver. 37. *To arms, to arms !*] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Triumphant

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
 Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sp'rits survey 55
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
 "O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the Mens wits against the Lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:

NOTES.

Ver. 71. *Now Jove, &c.*] *Vid.* Homer, *Iliad* viii. and Virg. *Æn.* xii.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

IMITATIONS.

Ver 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors in *Odyss.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

Ver. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing.*] The words of a song in the opera of *Camilla*.

Ver. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

"Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

"Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor." *Ovid. Ep.*

Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily Virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungeant grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
 Her infant-grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall, (he cry'd), insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around,
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 83. *The Gnomes direct*] These two lines added for the above reason.

Ver. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, *Iliad* 2.

With

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:
There broken vows and deathbed-alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick mens pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view). 126
A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd, pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest'd Lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;

NOTES.

Ver. 114. *Since all things lost*] Vid. Ariosto, canto 34.

Ver. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 128. "Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
"Stella micat———" Ovid.

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph, to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For after all the murders of your eye, 145

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,

This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,

And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

ELEGY *to the Memory of an Unfortunate LADY**.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh! ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest'd abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep, 20
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And separate from their kindred-dregs below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

NOTES.

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a lady designing to retire into a monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's *letter to serve several ladies*, lett. 22. vol. 5. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent heres shall besiege your gates;
 Their passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way), 40
 Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
 For others' good, or melt at others' wo.
 What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of wo
 To midnight-dances, and the public show?
 What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests without a stone a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung; 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE to Mr. ADDISON's *Tragedy of*
 CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
 To raise the genius, and to mend the he
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
 Tyrants no more their savage Nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its wo.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:

No

No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys: 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state,
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheaded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long: 40
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone should win a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE to Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

[Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.]

PRODIGIOUS this ! the frail-one of our play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day !
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cry'd,
 The play may pass—But that strange creature Shore;
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless scull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sifter-sinner you shall hear,

“ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ? ” 10
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked customs so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice. 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
 'Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
 sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
 He has a husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving:
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30

Plu—

Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
 Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 'Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

TRANS.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translations were selected from many others done by the author in his youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *exercises*, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to *poetry*, to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's *Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete the juvenile poems.

SAPPHO

S A P P H O T O P H A O N.

A R G U M E N T.

PHAON, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a Lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the *Lover's leap*. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle; in which she gives a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to sooth him to softness and a mutual feeling. ANON.

S A P P H O T O P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must than her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?

S A P P H O P H A O N I.

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphūs,
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?

Ask

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

145

Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose, 5
 The lute neglected, and the lyric Muse;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to elegies of wo.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born! 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires;
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds;
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 Nor more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna, requiras, 5
 Carmina; cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
 Flendus amor meus est: elegeia flebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager, 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Thyphoidos Ætnæ;
 Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
 Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ, 15
 Nec me Lesbiadum cetera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis;
 Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi.
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
 O facies oculis insidiosa meis!

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Pœbus Phaon might appear;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
 Yet Phœbus lov'd and Bacchus felt the flame;
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame:
 Nymphs that in verse nor more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays, 31
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings;
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.
 To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
 To Heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
 Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.

Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
 Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
 Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vell illa modos. 30
 At mihi Pegafides blandissima carmina dictant:
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
 Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
 Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit; 35
 Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
 Sum brevis: at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
 Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero. 40
 Candida si non sum; placuit Cepheïa Perseo
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.
 Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ;
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.

If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh! how vast a memory has love?
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?
 But ah beware, Sicilian Nymphs! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;

Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri, 45
 Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
 At, me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
 Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
 Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 50
 Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
 Sed tum præcipue, cum fit amoris opus.
 Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60
 Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
 Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
 Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ.
 Quid mihi cum Lesbos? Sicelis esse volo.
 At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
 Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.

Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity; Venus, on your poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burnt in a destructive flame:
 An infant-daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could Fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;

Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ. 65
 Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
 Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
 (Nam tua sum), vati consule, diva, tuæ.
 An gravis inceptum peragit Fortuna tenorem, 70
 Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
 Sex mihi natalis ierant; cum lecta parentis
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
 Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
 Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
 Factus inops, agili peragit freta cœrula remo; 75
 Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærit opes.
 Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
 Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
 Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
 Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
 Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis.
 Non agitur vento nostra carina suo. 80
 Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
 Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
 Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
 Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse—
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
 Nor braids of gold the vary'd tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind.
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is their cause for Sappho still to love: 90
 So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.

Cui colar infelix, aut cui placuisse laborem?
 Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.
 Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
 Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90
 Sivi ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
 Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;
 Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ,
 Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
 Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis ætas
 Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
 Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.
 Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
 Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspiciit omnia, Phœbe;
 Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 100
 Hunc Venus in cælum curru vexisset eburno;
 Sed vidit et Marti posse placere suo.

O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy !
 O useful time for lovers to employ !
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you);
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid !
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves and live. 120
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,

O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer; utilis ætas !
 O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui !
 Huc ades, inque sinus, formosæ, relabere nostros. 105
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas.
 Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis.
 Aspice, quam fit in hoc multa litura loco.
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isles, 110
 Et modo dixisses, Lesbî puella, vale.
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti;
 Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
 Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
 Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120
 Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,
 Perque novem juro, numina nostra, deas;
 Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit;
 Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui.

Like

Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood; 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of wo:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And, Why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,

Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato.
 Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi, 130
 Nec puduit scissis exululare comis.
 Non aliter, quam si nati pia mater adempti
 Portet ad exstructos corpus inane rogos.
 Gaudet, et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus 135
 Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
 Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
 Non veniunt in idempudor atque amor: omne videbat
 Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon: te somnia nostra reducant;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis. 145
 Sed non longa satis guadia somnus habet.
 And,

And, dress'd in all its visionary charms;
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give and take:
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
 As if the silent grove; and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166

Sæpe tuos nostra cervicè onerare lacertos;
 Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos. 150
 Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
 Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
 Oscula cognosco, quæ tu committere linguæ,
 Aptaque consuevas accipere, apta dare.
 Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt,
 Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
 At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum;
 Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.
 Antra nemusque peto; tanquam nemus antraque
 Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis. [profint; 160
 Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
 Impulit in collo crine jacente, feror.
 Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
 Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.
 Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis 166
 Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.

I find

I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All but the mournful Philomel and I:
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
 A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
 Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood:

At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque.

Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci,

Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170

De nostra curvum pondere gramen erat.

Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;

Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.

Quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur

Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.

Sola virum non ulta pie mœstissima mater 175

Concint Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.

Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores.

Hactenus, ut media cetera nocte silent.

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180

Fons sacer: hunc multi numen habere putant.

Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,

Una nemus: tenero cespite terra viret.

Hic ego cum lassos posuisssem fletibus artus, 185

Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos

She

She stood, and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep; 190
 " There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
 How much I fear! but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 204
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate,
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!

Constitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibis æquis
 " Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
 " Phæbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor:
 " Aëtiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant. 190
 " Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
 " Misit, et illæso corpore preffit aquas. 195
 " Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ
 " Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
 " Hanc legem locus ille tenet: pete protinus altam
 " Leucada; nec faxo desiluisse time."
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo: 200
 Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
 Ibimus, ô nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.
 Sit procûl infano victus amore timor.
 Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.
 Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
 And.

And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow, 212
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below:

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 " Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre; 215
 " What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
 " The gift, the giver, and the god, agree."

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
 Thy charms than those may far more pow'ful be,
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me. 221
 Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?
 Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd? 225
 This breast, which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;

Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:
 Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ. 211

Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
 Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.

" Grata lyrum posui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
 " Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi." 216

Cur tamen Aëtiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
 Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda: 220
 Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.

An potes, ô scopulis undaque ferocior illa,
 Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
 Quam poterant faxis præcipitanda dari! 225

Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas;
 Vifaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;
 Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.

My

My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of wo.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign; 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song.
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?
 Gods ! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air ! 245
 Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain ; 250
 Venus for thee shall smoothe her native main.

Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230
 Plectra dolore tacent : muta dolore lyra est.
 Lesbides, æquorea, nupturaque nuptaque proles ;
 Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra ;
 Lesbides, infamen quæ me fecistis amata ;
 Definite and citharas turba venire meas.
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 236
 (Me miseram ! dixi quam modo pene meus !)
 Efficite ut redeat ; vates quoque vestra redibit.
 Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240
 Ecquid ago precibus ? pectusne agreste movetur ?
 An rigit ! et zephyri verba caduca ferunt ?
 Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
 Hoc te, si sapieres, lente, decebat opus.
 Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
 Munera ; quid laceras pectora nostra mora ?
 Solve ratem : Venus orta mari, mare præstet eunti.
 Aura dabit cursum ; tu modo solve ratem. 251
 O launch

O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love!

*Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido :
 Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
 Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho ;
 (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255
 [O saltem miseræ, crudelis, epistola dicat :
 Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]*





*Ah Wretch! believ'd the Sponse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.*

El. to Ab.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

A R G U M E N T.

A Belard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century. They were two of the most distinguished persons of their age, in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters, (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, 15
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:

Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
 Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying faints, whose statues learn to weep !
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's, while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !

Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
 They live, they speak, they breath what love in-
 spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
 The virgins wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;

Speed

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.

Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precepts fail to move? 67
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:

Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires, 81
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.

Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

NOTES.

Ver. 66: *And truths divine, &c.*] He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 75. Love will not be confin'd by masterie:

When masterie comes, the Lord of love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone. *Chaucer.*

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee! 90
 Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast: 94
 Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart,
 This sure is bliss, (if bliss on earth there be),
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was Eloisa! her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard has oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And faints with wonder hear'd the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my wo;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye;
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n:
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls, (their day's eternal bound),
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;*] He founded the monastery.

Her

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Affist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:

Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?

Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget! 200

But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inspir'd!

Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
 "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with sereneest beams, 215
 And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing; 220
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy.
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
 Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240
 Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's wo,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps

NOTES.

Ver. 212. *Obedient slumbers,*] Taken from Crashaw.

Sudden

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind,

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirits bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves. 260
~~To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.~~

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise. 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul: 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;

Take

Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 286
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest'd abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 196

Oh Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early Immortality! 300

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell, sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
And more than echoes talk along the walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say),

"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310

"Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,

"Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:

"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;

"Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,

"Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315

"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come, prepare your roseate bow'rs,

Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,

Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,

And smooth my passage to the realms of day;

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!

Ab

Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330

See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round.
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine, 341
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 "Oh may we never love, as these have lov'd!"
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.

NOTES.

Ver. 343. *May one kind grave, &c.*] Abelard and Eloïsa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the Paraclete. He died in the year 1142, she in 1163.

And

And sure, if Fate some future bard shall join,
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who love so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost; 365
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

ELIZABETH ABRAHAM

And thus, if I have found my way
In the darkness, I am not alone
For I am with you in all your
And I am with you in all your
Such is the love that I have for you
I am with you in all your
The well-known words will soon be
He has a price on his head, but not

[Faint, illegible text block]

T. H. E.

T E M P L E O F F A M E .

Written in the Year 1711.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered; the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title. Wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings),
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

N O T E S .

Ver. 1. *In that soft season, &c.*] This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provincial poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower, and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies:
 The whole creation open to my eyes:
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen, 15
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
 There trees, and intermingled temples rise:
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20
 O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant fight, of solid stone. 30

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11. &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, book 2.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
 Now hills, and now mountains,
 Now valeis, and now forestes,
 And now unneath great bestes,
 Now rivers, now citees,
 Now towns, now great trees,
 Now shippes sayling in the sees.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of ice, &c.*] Chaucer's third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock;
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glass,
 But that it shone full more clere;
 But what of congel'd matere
 It was, I niste redily;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was ev'ry dele,
 A rock of ice, and not of stele.

Inscriptions

Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd; 35
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 31. *Inscriptions here, &c.*

Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names fete;
 That had been in much wele,
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well unneeth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Their names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-hawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of ev'ry name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame;
 But men said, what may ever last.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.*

Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate.

Ver. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.*

For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there
 The self day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure:

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade;
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays, 51
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the heauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:
 Four brazen gates, on column's lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace:

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.*] The temple is described to be square; the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture. The Doric order was peculiarly sacred to heroes and worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of Old Greece in arms and arts.

IMITATIONS.

But well I wiste what it made;
 It was conserved with the shade
 (All the writing that I sye)
 Of the castle that stood on high,
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heate might it not deface.

Heroes

Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislatures seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.
Here Orpheus sings; trees, moving to the found,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cithæreon's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
The growing towers, like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name: 96
There in long robes the Royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods appear'd. 100
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight-banquets in the glimmering glades;

NOTES.

Ver. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese.

Ver. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher, except Confucius, the great lawgiver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago.

Made

Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour,
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant-limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.

NOTES.

Ver. 110. *Egypt's priests, &c.*] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: They also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

Ver. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest. Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that, during those trances, he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws. He is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

There

There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood, 126
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus Romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood heroes, who, through loud alarms,
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150

NOTES.

Ver. 127. *Druids and bards, &c.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. These heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 132. *The wall in lustre, &c.*]

It shone lighter than a glass,
 And made well more than it was,
 As kind of thing Fame is.

High

High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
 His feet on sceptres and tiara's trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god:
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master; and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their peoples safety brought:
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood; 161
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge and patron of mankind. }
 Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names: 175

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *The youth that all things, but himself subdu'd;*] Alexander the Great. The Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes. His desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors.

Ver. 162, *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

Ver. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, &c.*] Aristides, who, for his great integrity, was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

Uncon-

Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;

NOTES.

Ver. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are rais'd, are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]
From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the sex Saturnine,
The Ebraike Josephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tyger's blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182.]
Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares, and Titus, &c.

A strong

A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art :

The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat, 200
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.

In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ; 205
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged fire :

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here

NOTES.

Ver. 210. *Four swans sustain, etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 196. *etc.*]

There saw I stand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pious Æneas :

And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
That hath sown wondrous wide
The great god of Love's fame—

Tho saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great poet Dan' Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode
Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, *etc.*

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse. 225
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.

NOTES.

intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.*] This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace. The second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritus Graæ tenuem camæenæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

The action of the doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book

- " Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
- " Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
- " Ludo fatigatumque somno,
- " Fronde nova puerum palumbes
- " Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus——
- " Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
- " Dormirem et visis; ut premeret sacra
- " Lauroque, collataque myrto,
- " Non sine diis animosus infans."

Which may be thus englished:

While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
And in a desert sleeping lay;

The doves that round the infant-poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his side furround; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies: 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

But

IMITATIONS.

The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the muse's future bard;
But Cytheræ's gentle dove
Myrtles and bays around me spread,
And crown'd your infant-poet's head,
Sacred to music and to love.

Ver. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature &c.*]
Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seem'd to be;
But thus soone in a while she,

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler vista's open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess's hears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
 With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded; and the temple shook,
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd; 281

IMITATIONS.

- Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth reight,
 And with her head she touch'd heaven—
 Ver. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.*
 I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke—
 Ver 276. *Around these wanders, etc.*
 I heard a noise approchen blive,
 That far'd as bees done in a hive,
 Against her time of outlying;
 Right such a manere murmuring,
 For all the world it seemed me.
 Tho gan I look about and see
 That there came entring into th' hall,
 A right great company withal;
 And that of sundry regions,
 Of all kind of conditions, etc.—

Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the goddess bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their requests the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
 First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight-vigils blind; 301
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

The goddess heard, and bade the muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise,
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.]*

And some of them she granted sone,
 And some she warned well and fair,
 And some she granted the contrair——
 Right as her sister dame Fortune
 Is wont to serve in commune.

At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread; 315
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd; 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd: 325
Let faller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

IMITATIONS.

Var. 318. *the good and just, etc.*]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved fame right-fully
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smeli'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses.—

Var. 328. *behold another crowd, etc.*]

Therewithal there came anone.
Another huge companye,
Of good folke—

But straight the direful trump of slander founds;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 335
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
 For thee, (they cry'd), amidst alarms and strife,
 We fail'd in tempests down the stream of life; 345
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd),
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 351
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd; and your names unknown!
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

Great

IMITATIONS

Ver. 338. *From the black trumpet's rusty, etc.*]

What did this Eolus, but he
 Tooke out his trump of brass,
 That fouler than the devil was:
 And gan this trump for to blowe,
 As all the world should overthrowe.
 Throughout every regione
 Went this foul trumpet's sounne,
 Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
 When fire is in the powder runne.
 And such a smoke gan out wende,
 Out of the foul trumpet's ende—etc.]

Ver. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.*]

I saw anone the fifth route,
 That to this lady gan loute,

Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue, ev'n for virtue's sake. 365
 And live there men, who slight immortal fame ?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ; 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said : In air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear :
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies, 376
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

IMITATIONS.

And downe on knees anone to fall,
 And to her they besoughten all,
 To hidden their good works eke,
 And said, they yeve not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne ;
 For they for contemplacyoune,
 And Goddess love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.
 What, quoth she, and be ye wood ?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame ?
 Have ye despite to have my name ?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone :
 Blowe thy trump, and that anone,
 (Quoth she), thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folkes works by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare ;
 And he gan blow their loofs so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounne,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft.

Next

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair: 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid:
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name; 390
 And what we want in pleasure grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press'd
 Around the shrine, and made the same request. 395
 What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs bursts out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run through all the crowd. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 378. *Next these a youthful train, &c.*] The reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the sixth companye,
 And gan faste to Fame cry, &c.
 being too prolix to be here inserted.

Ver. 406 *Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.*]

Tho came another compen, e,
 That had y-done the treachery, &c.

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from
the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves or trees, on sands upon the shores;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 418. *This having heard and seen, &c.* The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumbour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Though saw I stonde in a valley,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that *Domus Dedali*,
That *Labyrinthus* cleped is,
Was made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And evermo, as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees,
In summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof, yet men may sene
A thousand hoels and well mo,
To letten the sounne out go;
And by day in ev'ry tide
Been all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings into pace:
Ne never rest is in that place.

Which

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the year;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third; 439
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature to the, &c.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus.

Geffray, thou wottest well this, &c.

Ver. 448. *Their various news I heard, &c.*]

Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good or bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers, not a few:
 And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place, 466
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new, 470
 And all who heard it made enlargements too,
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.*]

But such a great congregation
 Of folke as I saw roame about,
 Some within, and some without,
 Was never seen, ne shall be est—

And every wight that I saw there
 Rowned everich in others ear

A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betwix to-night now?

No, quoth he, tell me what?

And then he told them this and that, &c.

— Thus north and south,

Went every tyding fro mouth to month,

And that encreasing evermo,

As fire is wont to quicken and go

From a sparkle sprong amiss,

Till all the citie brent up is.

Thus

Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 385
 Or wane or wax alternate like the moon.

Around, a thousand winged wonders fly, [fly.
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way; 490

And long, 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:

At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lie;

The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:

NOTES.

Ver. 497. *While thus I stood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *moral* to the whole. In Chaucer he only answers, "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a *man of great authority*, and awaking in a fright.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 489. *There, at one passage, &c.*]—
 And sometime I saw there at once,
 A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
 That gonnen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace—
 And no man be he ever ſo wrothe,
 Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, &c.]

What

What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath, 505
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death!

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)

The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510

All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase cost so dear a price, 515
 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:

Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way;

Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame; 520

Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;

Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY

OR, THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

1. *From* CHAUCER *.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more; 10
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find:
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
 And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
 Once, ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;

* This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30

Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join ;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past ;

But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.

The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please,

And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bless all night, and innocence all day : 40

Tho' Fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.

With matchless impudence they style thy wife. 45
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;

A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.

Let not the wife these stand'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50

All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.

Vain Fortune's favours never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;

One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
Abundantly supplies us all our life :

This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in paradise unblest'd, 60

With mournful looks the blissful scene survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife ! ah gentle deities, can he 65
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?

Would

Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
 His father's blessing from an elder son: 70
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January, the sage,
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
 And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 Would try that Christian comfort call'd a *wife*. 80
 His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
 To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
 But fix'd before, and well-resolv'd was he;
 (As men that ask advice are wont to be).

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look 85
 Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),
 Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
 And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
 How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
 In worldly follies, which I blush to tell; 90
 But gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
 But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
 And many heads are wiser still than one;
 Choose you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice; this wife must not be old: 100
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace,
 Of a stale virgin, with a winter face:
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.

No crafty widow shall approach my bed;
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-married dames are mistresses o' th' trade: 110
 But young and tender-virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 All flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost for which I wed; 120
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
 Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine, 125
 May live like saints, by Heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may),
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130
 Think not my virtue lost, tho' Time has shed
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below.
 Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter-greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side. 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wife,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
Placebo this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone):
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves experience dwells with years! 150
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your old advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your Honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let gray fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A Heathen author, of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not faith, had sense as well as we),
 Bid us be certain our concerns to trust 180
 To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away:
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your lady's qualities at least: 185
 Whether

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud, or civil,
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
 'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all this world, much less in womankind;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
 And, spite of all his praises, must declare, 196
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
 Demure and chaste as any Vestal nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
 But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure; for wisdom is in Age;
 But, at these years, to venture on the fair!
 By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can choose,
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215
 'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, 'faith you're mighty wise!
 We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?
 I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
 At this the council rose without delay;
 Each in his own opinion, went his way; 225
 With

With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?

The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:

Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess'd, 230

And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;

While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,

And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart,

Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,

A mirror shows the figures moving by;

335

Still, one by one, in swift succession, pass

The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.

This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,

But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;

That was with sense, but not with virtue blest; 240

And one had grace that wanted all the rest.

Thus, doubting long what nymph he should obey,

He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.

Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,

But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:

245

Her tender age, her form divinely fair,

Her easy motion, her attractive air,

Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,

Her moving sweetness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250

And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:

Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,

And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,

Provides a consort worthy of my bed:

255

Let none oppose th' election, since on this

Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,

Young, beautiful, artless, innocent, and wise;

Chaste, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born, 260

Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.

Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please;

To pass my age in sanctity and ease:

And thank the pow'rs I may possess alone

The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none! 265

If

If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
The bliss of Heav'n above, and earth below.
Now, should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285 }
One that may do your bus'ness to a hair?
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ;
Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer:
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
 Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315 }
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
 string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace, 326
 (So poets sing), was present on the place:
 And lovely Venus, goddess of delight, }
 Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight; 330 }
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
 No less in wedlock than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day:
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted am'rous glances at her lord.

Not

Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King :
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th'entrancing raptures of th'approaching night, 350
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie ; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests; and, as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t'undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess:
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
 Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.

What

What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
 As all were nothing he had done by night; 386
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast; 390
 For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
 Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun),
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
 The squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord;
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gentle May:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view; 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning-light.

What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
 Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
 Felt the first motions of an infant-flame;
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye Fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd;
 But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd 440
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of human kind:
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those.
 For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence: 445

His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
 (Tho' god of gardens) of this charming place;
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd. }
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper elves their moonlight-sports pursue:
 Their

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen, 461
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green;
 While tuneful sp'rits a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair, 465
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care);
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.

But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure, 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure!
 O Fortune, fair like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480

This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway. }
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:

She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain,
 By secret writing, to disclose his pain:
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail? 501
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd for all his hundred eyes: 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What flight is that, which love will not explore? 516
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show,
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray; 520
 It happ'd, that once, upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play: }
 He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
 Arise, my wife! my beauteous lady, rise!
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
 The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
 To haste before; the gentle squire obey'd: 536
 Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life;
 And rather would I choose, by heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
 When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
 Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
 Next, your own honour, undefil'd, maintain; 560
 And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires the mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms? 574

He ceas'd; and May with modest grace reply'd;
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd):
 Heav'n knows! (with that a tender sigh she drew),
 I have a soul to save as well as you;

And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580

To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:

Yet after this, if you distrust my care,

Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585

And let me hence to hell alive descend ;

Or die the death I dread no less than hell,

Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;

Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,

Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590.

For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came ;

I loath a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,

And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :

Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595

These doubts and fears of female constancy ;

This chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's ear,

The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,

Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she pass'd. 600

She saw him watch the motions of her eye,

And singled out a pear-tree planted high :

'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,

And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.

Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace, 605

And climbing, in the summit took his place ;

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath, in view ;

Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun

His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run ;

And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields, 611

To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields ;

Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,

Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ; 614

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,

And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
 The fairies sported on the garden-side,
 And in the midst their monarch and his bride,
 So featly tripp'd the lightfoot ladies round, 620
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensward bound,
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the
 ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain ;
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen :
 'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man :
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun :
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
 For sagely hast thou said, Of all mankind, 635
 One only just and righteous hope to find :
 But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness ;
 The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
 Or some devouring plague consume you all ;
 As well you view the lecher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see :
 But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case), 645
 His squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread Majesty I swear,
 And by this awful scepter which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very act restore his sight :
 And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655

And

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
 Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need.
 For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age; 660
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
 Till their wife husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670
 The wiser wits of later times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
 How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why should not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone 680
 Who only is, and is but only one.
 But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
 What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts; 685
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for idol-gods or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank lecher and idolater;
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ, 690
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
 David the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
 Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.

Know

Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
 By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King), dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 701
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;
 It must be done—I am a king, said he,
 And one whose faith has ever sacred been.—

And so has mine, (she said)—I am a queen: 705
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710
 And to the Knight our story turns again;
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:
 This was his song: "Oh kind and constant be,
 "Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee." 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
 By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above. 719
 She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good gods, she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
 Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal queen!
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do!
 And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
 Then

Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent;
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all! 740
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:

'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you; 745
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent.
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky. 755
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind? 760
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love! 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance, (quoth the Knight);
So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas,

Alas, my love ! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me : 775
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said, (quoth he), I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—779

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame); are these the thanks I find !
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind ! }

She said; a rising sigh express'd her wo,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye 785
 The drops; (for women, when they list, can cry).

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd :
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er !

Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said; 791

For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
 By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd Lord ! 'twas much unkind, (she cry'd),
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 796

But, till your fight's establish'd, for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day. }

So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim be-
 fore your fight. }

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem !

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find

'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :

Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,

None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.

He

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and blest'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives. 820

T H E

W I F E O F B A T H.

From CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
 And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife !
 To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
 And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
 In all these trials I have born a part, 5
 I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart ;
 For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
 Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says ;
 And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days : 10
 Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
 The words address'd to the Samaritan:
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ; 15
 And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Increase and multiply, was Heav'n's command,
 And that's a text I clearly understand.
 This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
 " And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20
 More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
 Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myself full many a merry fit ;
 And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind, 25 }
 Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find. }

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.

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† T

There's

There's danger in assembling fire and tow ; 30
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
 The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for virginity he found :

'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will. 35

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice ;
 I, for I few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows 40
 One proper gift, another grants to those :
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor ;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;
 But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I. 45

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man :
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n, 50
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n :
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night :
 His proper body is not his, but mine ;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine. 55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old ; but rich, and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign. 61
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in a pace: with show'rs of gold
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65
 If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
 And a new palfrey seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives ! give ear, and understand ;
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.

For

For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
To lie so boldly as we women can :

Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witnesses how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul ; ('twas thus I us'd to say) ;
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay ? 75
Treated, carest'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair ?

Art thou so am'rous ? and is she so fair ?

If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80

Lord ! how you swell and rage like any fiend !

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,

Then preach till midnight in your easy chair ;

Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,

And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor, (you say), she drains her husband's purse ;

If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse ;

If highly born, intolerably vain,

Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain ;

Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic, 90

Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick :

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,

By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side ;

If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,

Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95

Or else she dances with becoming grace,

Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late

She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses, men may try, 100

And ring suspected vessels ere they buy :

But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take ;

They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake :

Then, not till then, the veil's remov'd away,

And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,

Your eyes must always languish on my face,

Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,

And tag each sentence with, My life ! my dear !

If, by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow;
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine? 125
 Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
 If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
 "Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell: 131
 "Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
 "I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
 How merrily soever others fare? 134
 Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
 And none can long be modest that are gay.
 The cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,
 The chimney keeps; and sits content within;
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the fun; 145
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
 To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
 These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do, 150
 And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
 And swore, the rambles that I took by night, 156
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces curses oft I mix'd, 176
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke;
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
 " Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!
 " Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach, 186
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow;
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.

" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey ;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway, }
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
 " What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?
 " Why, take me, love ! take all and ev'ry part !
 " Here's your revenge ! you love it at your heart. 200
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have.
 " But see ! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame !
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
 Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life ;
 A very woman, and a very wife. 206
 What fums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210
 In country-dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl ;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love: 216
 For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
 -A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail ;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220
 But oh, good gods ! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight ; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night !
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two : 230
But all that score I paid—as how ? you'll say.

Not with my^a body, in a filthy way :
But I so dress'd, and danc'd and, drank, and din'd ;
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.

His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and fat and sung. 240

How sore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the wo.

He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem ;
And now lies bury'd underneath a rood, 245
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.

A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrind the great Darius lay ;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;
So, bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best,
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest) ;
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue ;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite in women reigns !
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :
Let men avoid us, and oft them we leap ; 261
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.

Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.

To her I told whatever could befall;
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall. 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and once more worthy wife,
 Had known it all. What most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That oft a-day I to this gossip went;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town):
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade;
 The stations duly, and the vigils kept; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day. }

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields,
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields 291
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
 I still have shifts against a time of need:
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul. 299

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams fortel, as learn'd men have shown. }
 All this I said: but dreams, Sirs, I had none; }
 I followed but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month, we pass'd;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.

I tore

I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread, 311
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good gods! he shew'd a pair
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair! 316
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A conj'rour once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away;
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattles, money, house, and land:
 But oft repented, and repent it still;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will: 334
 Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face;
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I;
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
 As true a rambler as I was before,
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
 He, against this right sagely would advise,
 And old examples set before my eyes;
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
 Of Gracchus' mother and Duilius' wife;
 And chose the sermon, as befeem'd his wit, 345
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
 Oft would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,

Or

Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home. 350
 All this avail'd not: for whoe'er he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
 A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read, 356
 Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound
 For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
 Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art; 360
 Solomon's proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
 And many more than sure the church approves.
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
 Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man. 365
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 370
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow. 375
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now).

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the scriptures show)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to wo. 380
 How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
 Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid. 384
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,
 And husband-bull—oh, monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of wo
 Xantippe made her goodman undergo;

How

How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw; 390
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
 "Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
 Where grows this plant, (reply'd the friend), oh
 For better fruit did never orchard bear. [where?
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
 Thro' hatred one, and one through too much love;
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead. [slain,

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
 frown'd :

But when no end of these vile tales I found;
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor. 416

With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
 Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cry'd), 420
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—

He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd, and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle pass'd, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon

Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws; 430
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
As for the volume that revild the dames, 434
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year M.DCCXIII.

Vol. I.

† U

AR-

A R G U M E N T.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns; and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Choræbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

THE

THE
THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

BOOK the FIRST.

FRaternal rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our songs; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes 5
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rage, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil.
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?

P. STATII THEBAIDOS.

LIBER PRIMUS.

FRaternas acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ? 5
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia fulcis 10
Expeditam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
Iusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho;
Quod sævæ Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum

The fire against the son his arrows drew, 15
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
 And while her arms a second hope contain,
 Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
 But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
 And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song 20
 At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race :
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous
 blood ;
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole ;
 Or long before, with early valour strove,
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30
 And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
~~Increase of glory to the Latian name !~~
 Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35
 And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place ;

Infelix Athamas; cur non expaverit ingens
 Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
 Præteriisse finam : limes mihi carminis esto 20
 Oedipodæ confusa domus : quando Itala nondum
 Signa, nec Arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos; 26
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
 Bella Jovis. Tuque ô Latix decus addite famæ,
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
 Æternum sibi Roma cupit : licet arctior omnes
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli
 Pleiadam, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35
 Tho'

Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be,
To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee:
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
And people Heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose: 50
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling furies sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua
Parte poli; maneat hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.

Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior æstro 47
Facta canam: nunc tendō chelyn; fatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis post fata modum, flammæque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumultisque carentia regum
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes; 55
Cæcula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.

What hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate ?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate ?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?
 Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd ?
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.
 Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night : 70
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day ;
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within ;
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul.
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.
 Ye gods ! that o'er the gloomy regions reign, 81
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain ;

Quem prius heroum, Clio, dabis ? immodicum iræ
 Tydea ? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus ?
 Urget et hostilem propellens cædibus amnem
 Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi 64
 Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
 Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
 Merserat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
 Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat. 70
 Illum indulgentem tenebris, inæque recessu
 Sedis, inaspectos cœlo radiisque penates
 Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
 Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore diræ. 75
 Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ
 Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis
 Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur :
 Di fontes animas, angustaque Tartara poenis 81

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Or how the youth*] Parthenopæus.

Thou,

Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold;
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful furies led, 95
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight:
Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require, 101
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!

Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda; 85
Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmasti; si stagna peti Cyrrhæa bicorni 90
Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis
Ora senis, dum quæro patrem: si Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi;
Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95
Connubium gavissus inî; noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cædentibus ultro
Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100
Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti
Subjiceret: orbum visu regnisque parentem

My

My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
 These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious pride
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
 Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore;
 Which these dear hands from my slain father tore;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred-souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see.
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands: 121
 Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief
 frame,
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
 The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 Her snakes, unty'd, sulphureous waters drink; 125

Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro; quin ecce superbi
 (Pro dolor!) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
 Hisce etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum
 Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex 110
 Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
 Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
 I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115
 Diffiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
 Quod cupiam vidisse nefas; nec tardâ sequetur
 Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.
 Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos
 Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte sedebat

But

But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
 The gliding lightning, or descending star.
 Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
 And dark dominions of the silent night; 131
 Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view :
 To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
 The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow :
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,

Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,
 Lambere sulphureas permiserat anguibus undas.
 Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
 Tristibus exiliit ripis. discedit inane 130
 Vulgus, et occurfus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras,
 Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
 Ténariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
 Sensit adesse dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo 135
 Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
 Horruit, et dubia cælum cervice remisit.
 Arripit extemplo Mææ de valle resurgens 140
 Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ulla
 Itque reditque vias, cognataque tartara mavult.
 Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cærastæ, 145
 Turba minor diri capitîs: sedet intus abactis
 Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes

When

When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from
high

A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.

Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
came

Blue-steaming poisons, and a length of flame. 150

From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath

Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,

A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155

She tofs'd her meagre arms; her better hand

In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:

A serpent from her left was seen to rear

His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160

Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:

The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,

And through the Achaian cities send the sound. }

Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165

Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;

Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,

And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.

Atrææa rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno 150

Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro

Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique, famesque,

Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo

Palla, et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi;

Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155

Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali

Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.

Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron 160

Occurrit cælo, fera sibila crine virenti

Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi

Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.

Audiit et medius cœli Parnassus, et asper 165

Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten.

In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.

Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem

Headlong

Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.

Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone, 180
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay :

Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona preffit.
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum 170
Constitit, assuetæque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilisque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis
Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi
Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
Stare loco, fociisque comes discordia regnis. 180

Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola imposito fociare affectat aratro;
Illi indignantes, quis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos :

NOTE.

Ver. 173. *Gentilisque animos subiit furor*, seems to me a better reading than *gentilesque*.

Such

Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war. 190

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate; 205
No chargers then were brought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—

Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres 190
Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrâ tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret heres. 195
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnae
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis 205
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. sed nuda potestas
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
Dumque uter angustæ squalentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii solio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
Say,

Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ! 210
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage ?
 Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
 Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,
 And the cold north receives a fainter day ; 215
 For crimes like these not all those realms suffice,
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown :
 What joys, oh tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne !

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent ; 225
 Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate ;
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.

Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210
 Ah miseri ? quod si peteretur crimine tanto
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
 Cardine, quem portæ vergens prospectat Ibera ?
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
 Igne Noti ? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
 Convestentur opes ? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
 Suffecere odio, furisq; immanibus emptum est
 Oedipodæ sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat
 Dilutus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, sæve, 220
 Quis fuit ille dies ? vacua cum solus in aula
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
 Et nusquam par stare caput ? Jam murmura serpunt
 Plebis Echionæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus 226
 Dissident, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læsisse veneno
 Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti

And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
 Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite,
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight),
 Exclaim'd — O Thebes ! for thee what fates remain,
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign ? 235
 Must we, alas ! our doubtful necks prepare,
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear ? }
 These now control a wretched people's fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the state : 240
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more : — O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !
 Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove !
 Is this th' eternal doom decree'd above ?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state ;
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in Bœotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears !
 How all the tyrant in his face appears !

Ferre duces : Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus
 Fata tulere vicem ? toties mutare timendos, 236
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla !
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
 Exulibus servire dabor ? tibi, summe deorum,
 Terrarumque fator, sociis hanc addere mentem 245
 Sedit ? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quærere Cadmus
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros : 250
 Fraternasque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,
 Augurium, feros dimisit adusque nepotes ?
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
 Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas ? 263

What

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 243

What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow ! 255
 Gods ! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow !
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd ?
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd ? 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?
 What wonder then ? he was not then alone.
 O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign !

As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas and black Eurys blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw :
 Thus on each side, alas ! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless Fate, 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that prince threatens, and while this com-

And now th' almighty Father of the gods [mands.
 Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }

Quas gerit oræ minas ? quanto premit omnia fastu ?
 Hicne unquam privatus erit ? tamen ille precanti
 Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui. 260
 Quid mirum ? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes,
 Prompta manus, casus domino cuicunque parati.
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurys
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ. 266
 Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
 Aspera fors populis ! hic imperat : ille minatur. 272

At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cœli
 Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
 Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta,
 Primæque occidæque domus, effusa sub omni

Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, from plains, and shady bow'rs;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
 And sacred Silence reigns, and universal Peace. 291
 A shining synod of majestic gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still Creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

Terra atque unda die. mediis sese arduus infert. 280
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
 Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi
 Cœlicolæ, veniam donec Pater ipse sedendi
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum 285
 Semideum, et summis cognati nubibus amnes,
 Et compressa metu servantes murmura venti,
 Aurea tecta replent: mixta convexa deorum
 Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
 Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes. 295
 Postquam jussa quies, filuitque exterritus orbis,
 Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis
 Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)
 Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris

NOTES.

Ver. 281. *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *ntu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*.

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky! 304
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires,
 Th' Æolian force exhausted of its fires.
 For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
 And the Mad Ruler to misguide the day,
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main: }
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain: }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding wo? 320
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose and mix'd with men in mortal fight:

Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum
 Exigar in pœnas? tædet favire corusco 304
 Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
 Brachia; et Æoliis defunt incudibus ignes.
 Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
 Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
 Et Phaëtontea mundum squallere favilla. 310
 Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
 Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
 Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor 315
 Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
 Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
 Mens cunctis imposta manet. Quis funera Cadmi 320
 Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis

Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim; 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated Nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus! just Heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;

Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
 Crimina! vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abacta 325
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius heres
 Patris, et immeritæ gremium incestare parentis 330
 Apetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
 Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula solvit,
 Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere nostro
 Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 336
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,
 Dire senex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
 Ultorem sperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunt.
 Adrastus focer, et superis adjuncta sinistris

Hence

Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed; 345
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said; and thus the Queen of Heav'n return'd:
(With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd);
Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st these regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame;
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold.
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365

Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem
Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax 345
Tantalus, et sævæ periit injuria mensæ.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucibus dictis;
Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert: Mene, ô justissime divum,
Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces 350
Cyclopium, magnique Phoroneos inçlyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
Custodem Phariæ, somno letoque juvenoræ: 355
Extinguas, septis et turribus aureis intres.
Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem;
Quam vultu confessus adis; ubi conscia magni 360
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hostes eligis Argos? 365
Yea.

Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
 Let altars blaze, and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;

Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
 Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenae;
 Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo 370
 Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur tharis Eoi
 Læta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
 Coptos, et ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili:
 Quod si prisca luunt antorum crimina gentes,
 Subvenitque tuis sera hæc sententia curis; 380
 Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
 Emendare sat est? jamdudum a sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda 385
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis

Where

Where once his feeds their savage banquet found,
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground. 392
 Say, can those honours please; and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen ex-
 press'd 400
 The rage and grief contending in her breast.
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear }
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare. 405 }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care.
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;

Impofuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
 Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo 390
 Dignius: abruptis, etiamnum inhumata precorum
 Reliquiis trunca ora rigent, tamen hic tibi templi
 Gratus honos, placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
 Creta tuos. me Tantaleis confiftere tectis,
 Quæ tandem invidia eft? belli defleſte tumultus, 395
 Et generis miſereſce tui. ſunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.
 Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno. 400
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus,
 Reddidit hæc: Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos, (licet æquus) in Argos
 Conſulerem, neque me (detur ſi copia) fallit. 405
 Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem

NOTES.

Ver. 399. with ſuch ſons as thoſe.] Eteocles and Polynices.

Yet

Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will. 410
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand;
 Expects its passage to the further strand: 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes; and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign.
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.
 The god obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 430

Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415
 Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles:
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420
 Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti:
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
 Hinc causæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
 Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430
 His.

His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts, 435
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial height; 440
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night; 446
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne. 450
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.

Obnubique comas, et temperat astra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inferuit, qua pellere dulces
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 534
Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.
Defiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.

Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deserto pererrat
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445
Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans
Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci. 451

With

With anxious hopes his craving mind is tofs'd, 455
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend }
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend, }
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend, }
(Where late the son did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
And disappear'd in horror of the feast).

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantric matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465

Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nifus' realms repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Syron's rock explores, 470
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475

Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia : sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et fuisse superbum
Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455
Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.

Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëique arva,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ,
Ferre iter impavidum ; seu prævia ducit Erinnyes ;
Seu fors illa viæ, sive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deserit, et pingues Baccheo sanguine colles. 465
Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur. lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit, hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura 470
Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
Linqvit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Wide

Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd; Sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs. 495

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi 475
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
 Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam Somnus avaris
 Insuper curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480
 Grata laboratæ referens obliviam vitæ.
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
 Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
 Longa repercussio nituere crepuscula Phœbo.
 Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 486
 Subtextit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
 Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
 Ore minatur hiems. venti transversa frementes
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490
 Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit; sed plurimus Auster
 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
 Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
 Perfoliat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt 495

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the dams away:
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn, 506
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war;
 That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses, to the main. 515
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;

Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur æther.
 Jam Nemea, jam Tanareis contermina lucis
 Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto 500
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
 Aggeribus tenere moræ, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum 506
 Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycæi.
 Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes.
 Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine rapta 515
 Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnus amens,
 His

His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd, 526
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey;
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
'Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
And to the regal palace bent his way;

*Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia, vastum
Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.*

Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros 526
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Larissæus apex. illo spe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ
Lævus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535
Lernæi stagna atra vadi, tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis: ætutum regia cernit

On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumber seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days. 540

By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate! 545

But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
"A yellow lion and a bristly boar."

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550

This, great Amphiaras, lay hid from thee,
'Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
'Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:

Vestibula. hic artus imbri ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulæ
Invitat tennes ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat, 540
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

His sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu! 545

Mox adaptata fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque suum, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, tu ipse pater, non, docte futuri
Amphiaræ, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo. 551

Tantum in corde sedens ægrescit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fæto Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum 556
Consciis horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora

Now

Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement Heav'n, 560
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
And views their arms and habit with surprize.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread:
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood;
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys, 576
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580

Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequeustus et imbres,
Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—

Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum 565
Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesiâ Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
Ante Cleonæi vestitur prælia monstri.
Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto 575
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phœbi
Agnosens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætusque per artus
Horror iit. sensit manifesto numine ductos 580

To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night:

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585
Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day:
Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs ! in our aid; 590
Proceed and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The fable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke. 595
Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the gods !

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;

Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat, tunc ſic tendens ad fidera palmas:

Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago transmittis fidera lapſu, 585
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan ægiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes! 590
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa cervice gregis, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte novo perſuſus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595
Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique reſceſſus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos
Inneſcens manibus, teſta ulterioris ad aula

Where

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
 The relics of a former sacrifice. }
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
 His train obey, while all the courts around 605
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest; 615
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
 And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,

Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
 Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
 Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605
 Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu
 Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas:
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
 Viscera cæsarum pecudum: his, cumulare canistris
 Perdomitam saxo Cererem. lætatur Adrastus
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
 Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis 615
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longævus Acesten
 (Naturam hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620
 Who

Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face; 625
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies. }

Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ, 625
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iâfides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Qua Danaüs libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635
Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam præfecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.

There

There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars: 641
Still as he rises in th' etherial height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze; 645
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call; 650
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640
Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœsti comites, frustra que sonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant,
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad
aras

Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque resecti
Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655

Forſitan, ô juvenes, quæ sunt ea sacra, quibusque
Præcipuum causis Phæbi obtestemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Religio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:

When

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
 With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain; 665
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue),
 To Argos' realms the victor-god resorts,
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter bless'd, 670
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin-sweetness join'd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd! 675
 But Phœbus lov'd, and, on the flow'ry side
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd.
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn
 Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born.
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;

Postquam cœrulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
 Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris
 Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem
 Robora; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco 666
 Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
 Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
 Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
 Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula cædi
 Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
 Attigit. huic primis, et pubescentibus annis, 670
 Miro decore pio, servabat nata penates
 Intemperata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam
 Furta, nec occultum Phœbo sociaffet amorem.
 Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
 Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
 Cynthia, fidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
 Edit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura 681
 To

To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
O how unworthy those of race divine? 685

On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries
To call soft slumbers on his infant-eyes. 690

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,

And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695

Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.

Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;

With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;

Then, wild with anguish, to her fire she flies, 701
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 685

Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno

Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri

Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,

Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum 691

Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terræ

Projectum temere, et patulo cælum ore trahentem,

Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento 695

Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures

Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,

Et metus: ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens

Testa replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700

Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro

Imperat, nefandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

But

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
 The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell,
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
 High on her crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs: }
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When Night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground;
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,
 Chorcæbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms. 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide, }
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side; 720 }
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.

Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
 Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
 Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora,
 Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit,
 Et ferugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
 Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710
 Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
 Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
 Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorcæ-
 bus; 715
 Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
 Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
 Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
 Portarum in bivio; lateri duo corpora parvum 720
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
 Ferratique unguis tenero sub corde tepescunt.

The

The youths surround her with extended spears;
 But brave Chorcæbus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
 Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730

The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:

Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante coronâ,
 It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 725
 Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone corusco
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
 Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Proluviem, et crasso squallentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes, 730
 Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Proterere exanimis artus, asprosque molares
 Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735
 Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse luporum.

Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ
 Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo

A night of fultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
 Attend thy *Manes*, and preserve thy name,
 Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
 And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760

*Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
 Testo superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
 Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fida sororum 745
 Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.*

*Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum?
 Idem autor Pæan: rursus jubet ire cruento
 Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti. 750*

*Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
 Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
 Oculis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
 Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi 755
 Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:*

*Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates
 Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
 Has egere vias. ego sum qui cæde subegi, 760
 Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris
 Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri*

Thy

Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
 Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;
 For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
 But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From gods above no more compassion find;
 If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all;
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 Our fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my Country let my fate atone,
 Re mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
 Merit distress'd, impartial Heav'n relieves: 780
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;

Quæris inique poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
 Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766
 Mors hominum, et sævo tanta inclementia cælo est;
 Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divum optime, solum
 Objecisse caput fatis præstabit. an illud 771
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
 Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt 775
 Vota mihi. fatis est: merui, nec parcere velles.
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte: sed illum
 Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
 Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis 780
 Latoïdem, tristemque viro submissus honorem

For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth
retir'd. 785

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest, (adjoin'd the King), 790
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd? 800
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

Largitur vitæ. nostro mala nubila cœlo
Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc stata sacra quotannis.
Solemnes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has forte invilitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures 791
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.

Dejecit mœstos extemplo Ismenius heros 795
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit:
Non super hos divûm tibi sum quærendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri. 800
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
Yet

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805
 To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where furs at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds:
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
 What prince from those his lineage can defend?
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }

Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
 Et genitrix Jocasta mihi. Tum motus Adrastus 805
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
 Scimus, ait; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810
 Volvit iter: regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
 Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret;
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815
 Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum
 Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum
 Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820
 Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis
 Excusare tuos. sed jam temone supino
 Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ. 825

But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
 And shine more faintly at approaching day;
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.
 Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast,
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair, 831
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
 Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods:
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove; 840
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of sceptres, and impending wo;
 When direful meteors spread through glowing air
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;

Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
 Latoiden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
 Phœbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivosis
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830
 Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
 Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
 Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
 Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbrâ
 Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon: 835
 Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
 Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes
 Æternum florere genas: tu doctus iniquas
 Parcarum prænosse manus, fatumque quod ultra est,
 Et summo placitura Jovi: quis letifer annus, 840
 Bella quibus populis, mutant quæ sceptrâ cometæ.
 Tu Phryga submittis citharæ: tu matris honori- 845
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.

Thy

Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal beast. 850
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O pow'r divine! 855
And on thy hospitable Argos shine:
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rage th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain; 860
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovanem,
Horruit in pharetris: ultrix tibi torva Megæra 850
Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adfis ô, memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855
Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmenizæ ritu, seu præstat Osirin
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

T H E
F A B L E O F D R Y O P E .

From the 9th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

SHE said ; and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair consort of her son replies :
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer wo, a sister's stranger fate.
 No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride.
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride). 10
 This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

D R Y O P E I N A R B O R E M .

Dixit : et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
 Ingemuit ; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem :
 Te tamen, ô genitrix, alienæ a sanguine vestro
 Rapta movet facies. Quid si tibi mira sororis
 Fata meæ referam ? quanquam lacrymæque dolorque
 Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
 (Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ 10
 Oechalidum Dryope : quam virginitate carentem,
 Vimque Dei passam Delphos Delonque tenentis,

N O T E S .

Dryope.] Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole ; who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable.

Andræmon

Andræmon lov'd; and blest'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20

Not distant far, a wat'ry *lotos* grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:

Of these she cropp'd to please her infant-son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done:

But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30

~~Excipit the Nymphs (if rural tales be true)~~
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.

Est lacus, acclivis devexo margine formam 15
Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope factorum nescia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.

Inque sinu puerum, qui nondam impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.

Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. Vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; ut tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30

Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

This

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles only moves above;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees and cover all below:
 Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Nescierat soror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,
 Hæserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat: 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet; succrescit ab imo,
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
 Fronde manum implevit; frondes caput omne te-
 nebant. 45
 At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
 Ubra: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar: 55
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.

Behold

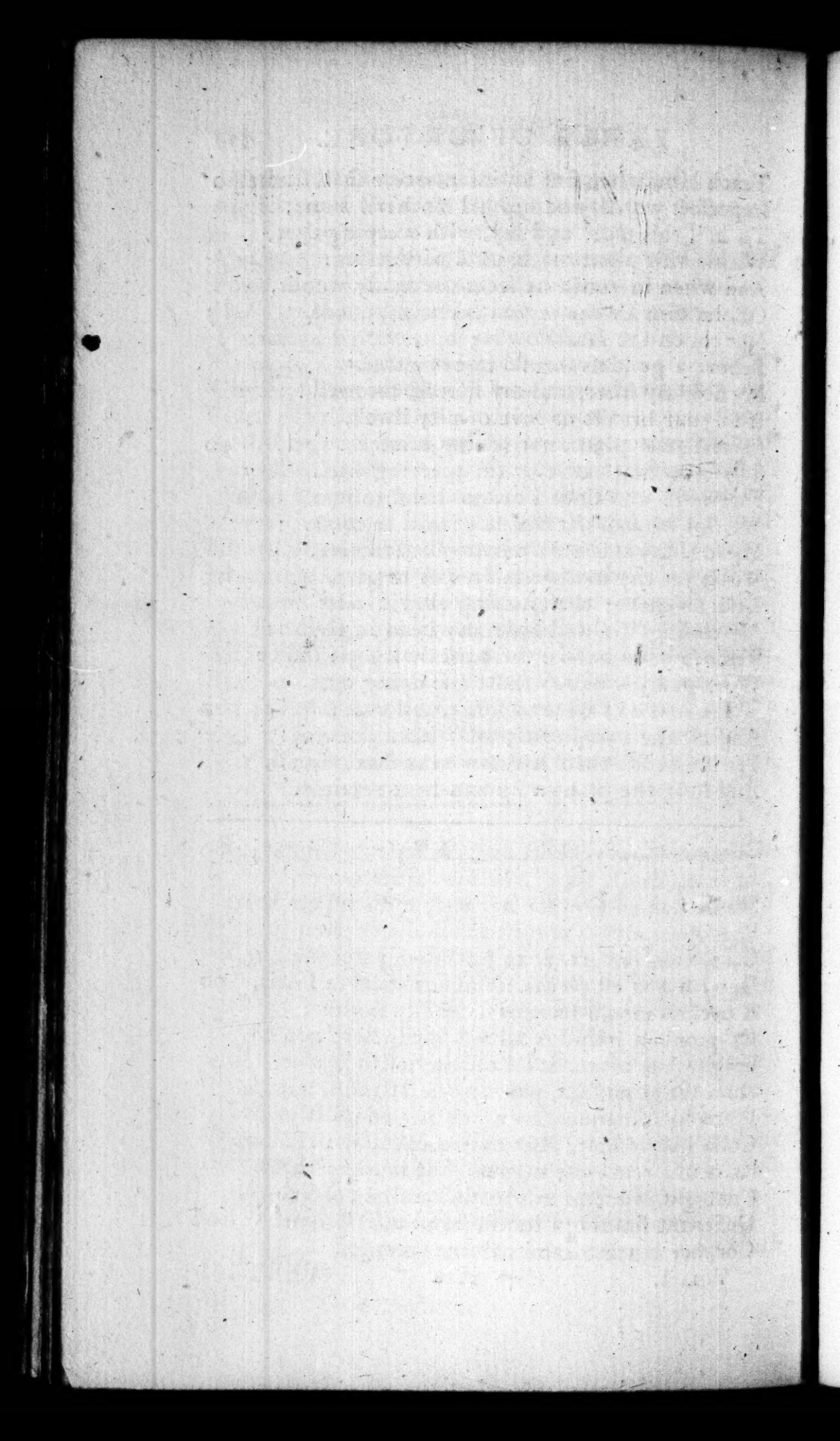
Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind, 60
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman nor yet quite a tree;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
 And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
 If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' un pitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;

Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt;
 Et quærunt Dryopen; Dryopen querentibus illis
 Ostendi loton: tepido dant oscula ligno, 60
 Adfisque suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Cara soror: lacrimæ verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis; ac, dum licet, oraque præstant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:
 Si qua fides miseris, hoc me, per numina juro,
 Non meruisse nefas; patior sine crimine pœnam. 70
 Viximus innocuæ: si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes; et cæsa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore sæpe
 Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.

Teach

Teach him, when first his infant-voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
 I can no more; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
 Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet; 80
 Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
 Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpant ab arbore flores:
 Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum.
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
 Quod si qua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis, 90
 A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.
 Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
 Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95
 Dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum.
 Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
 Colla liber serpit; summoque cacumine condor.
 Ex oculis removete manus: sine munere vestro
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.



VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From the 14th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
 Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year. 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
 And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
 These cares alone her virgin-breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.

VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

REge sub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
 Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
 Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetus:
 Unde tenet nomen. Non sylvas illa, nec amnes; 5
 Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
 Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce: 10
 Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
 Brachia compescit: fissa modo cortice virgam
 Inferit; et succos alieno præstat alumno,
 Nec patitur sentire sitim: bibulæque recurvas 15
 Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis. [pido.
 Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cu-

Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests and frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care, 25
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame;
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
 And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40

Vim tamen agrestium metuens, pomaria claudit
 Intus; et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20
 Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta Juventus,
 Fecere, et pinu præincti cornua Panes,
 Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
 Quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret,
 Ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando 25
 Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
 O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
 Corbe tulit; verique fuit messoris imago!
 Tempora sæpe gerens sæno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum 35
 Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator:
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares.

A soldier

A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears:
Each shape he varies, and each heart he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.

The god in this decrepit form array'd, 50
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And, "Happy you!" he thus address'd the maid,
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"

Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
Than such as women on their sex bestow);

Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60

He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine, (he said),
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;

Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumpta.
Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.
Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, 45

Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam 55

Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva refedit,
Suspiciens pandos autumnæ pondere ramos.

Ulmus erat contra, spaciosa tumentibus uvis: 60
Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;

At si staret, ait, cœlebs sine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare poteretur, haberet.

And this fair vine, but that her arms furround 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
 What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all thy gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guest),
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves;

Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo, 65
 Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinatâ jaceret.
 Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
 Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
 Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset 70
 Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapithæia movit
 Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssæi.
 Nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
 Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deique, 75
 Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque
 Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis, 80
 Plus quam credis, amo), vulgares rejice tædas:
 Vertumnumque tori socium tibi delige: pro quo
 Me quoque pignus habe, neque enim sibi notior ille est,
 Quam mihi. nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe. 85
 Nor

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

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Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care.
 Besides he's lovely far above the rest,
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same. 95
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you).
 He values these; but yet (alas!) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis VERTUMNUS begs you to be kind!
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;

Hæc loca sola colit. nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
 Ardor eris; folique suos tibi devovet annos.

Adde, quod est juvenis; quod naturale decoris 90

Munus habet; formasque apte fingetur in omnes:

Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.

Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma co-
 luntur,

Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?

Sed neque jam fœtus desiderat arbore demptos,

Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas; 100

Nec quidquam, nisi te. Miserere ardentis: et ipsam,

Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari.—

Nor

Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
Of charming features, and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110

Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit, et anilia demit
Instrumenta sibi: talisque apparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115
Evicit nubes, nullaue obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

IMITATIONS of ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

I.

CHAUCER.

Women ben full of ragerie,
 Yet swinken nat fans secresie.
 Thilke moral shall ye understond,
 From School-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland:
 Which to the fennes hath him betake, 5
 To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
 Right then, there passen by the way
 His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
 Ducke in his trowfes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of ladies gent. 10
 " But ho ! our nephew," (crieth one),
 " Ho !" quoth another, " Cozen John ;"
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
 This silly clerk full low doth lout :
 They asken that, and talken this, 15
 " Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs."
 But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,
 The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote:
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20
Te-he, cry'd ladies ; clerke nought spake:
 Mifs star'd ; and gray ducke crieth *Quaake*.
 " O Moder, Moder," (quoth the daughter),
 " Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?
 " Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke, 25
 " Then trust on mon, whose yerde can *talke*."

II. SPEN-

II.

SPENCER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry town, where Thamis rolls his tyde,
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
 Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.
 Where oft are heard the notes of infant wo, 5
 The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller
 squall:
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-
 hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy),
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies; 25
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
 are drown'd.

IV.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquoy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
cease.

Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting cat), dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to
tatters.

V.

Her dug was mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all; 40
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch, 50
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's
tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,
 A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:
 Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest'd with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he: 10
 A poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

*On a FAN of the Author's design, in which was painted
 the story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the mot-
 to, AURA VENI.*

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade;
 Come, gentle air! the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray, 5
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fable dart more surely wound:
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love. 10
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

ON IV. NEW

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my muse the flow'ry treasures sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
 Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;
 Where lilies smile, in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin undress of superficial light;
 And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees cathedral-walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows:
 There the green infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day:
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
 And Winter's coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make Sorrow bright,
 Proud Grief fits swelling in her eyes;
 The sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the ocean first did rise:
 And thus through mists we see the sun, 35
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver-drops, like morning-dew,
 Foretel the fervour of the day:
 So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
 And blasting lightnings burst away. 40
 The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
 Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that funny sphere
 So like a Phaëton appears,
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare, 45
 Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
 Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
 To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

EARL of ROCHESTER.

On SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
 Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,
 'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
 Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth, 5
 Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
 In one more various animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show, 11
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,
And seeks a furer state, and courts thy gentle reign. 15

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise; 20
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name;
The only honour of the wishing dame; 26
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are
free,
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee?
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be?

XI.

Yet Speech ev'n there submissively withdraws, 31
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose. 36

XIII.

The country-wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry, 40
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

EARL of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
 Yet in some things methinks she fails;
 'Twere well if she could pare her nails, 5
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness and so much pride
 Are oddly join'd by Fate:
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part except her face;
 All white and black beside: 15
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating thing, a magpie hight, 20
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade :
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state
 Here first their entry made.
 Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her ;
 To all obliging she'd appear :
 'Twas *Si Signor*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur*.
 Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a bride :
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare),
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the Bishop's blessing:
 A wife that makes conferves ; a steed
 That carries double when there's need ;

October

October store, and best Virginia;
 Tithe-pig, and mortuary Guinea;
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
 A large concordance; bound long since;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
 A chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysostom to smoothe thy band in.
 The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
 Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
 To sum the whole,—the close of all:
 He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will;
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
 Talk with church-wardens about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And Shake his head at Doctor S—t.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



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